



TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE

BY KEITH, SMITH &amp; CO.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1882.

VOLUME XXXIII.—NO. 42.

## NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK,  
late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS,  
President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I endorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, PH.D.,  
Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD FARICKSON,  
Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I endorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAMPINGTON,  
one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

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Bonshoro, Md., Oct. 12, 1880.  
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Indigestion and biliousness, and I am now in perfect health. I have been using it for some time, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all. It is a reliable medicine for public use.  
Geo. W. Hoffman, Druggist.

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## A DISORDERED LIVER IS THE BANE

of the present generation. It is for the cure of this disease and its attendant, BILIOUSNESS, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, PILES, etc., that TUTT'S PILLS have gained a world-wide reputation. No Remedy has ever been discovered that acts so gently on the digestive organs, giving them vigor to assimilate food. As a natural result, the Nervous System is braced, the Muscles are developed, and the Body Robust.

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It is a well-known fact that a bilious attack is the cause of chills and fever. For several years I could not make half a drop of bile, and I was in a state of chronic illness. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of TUTT'S PILLS. The result was marvelous. My laborers soon became hearty and robust, and I have had no further trouble.

They relieve the congested liver, cleanse the blood from poisonous humors, and cause the bowels to act in a healthy way, without which no one can feel well. Try this remedy fully, and you will gain a healthy digestion, vigorous body, pure blood, strong nerves, and a sound liver. Price, 25 cents. Office, 35 Murray St., N. Y.

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GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color and acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of One Dollar.  
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## PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

On and after the 9th of July, 1882, the Passenger Train Service on the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line Division will be as follows:

EASTWARD.		
Mail and Express.	No. 51.	No. 53.
Leave Atlanta	2 40 P M	4 00 A M.
Arrive Gainesville	5 04 P M	6 10 A M.
Arrive Lula	5 35 P M	6 50 A M.
Ar Robin Gap June	6 11 P M	7 41 A M.
Arrive Toccoa	6 48 P M	8 17 A M.
Arrive Sconce	8 14 P M	9 20 A M.
Arrive Greenville	10 06 P M	11 03 A M.
Arrive Spartanburg	11 40 P M	12 24 P M.
Arrive Gastonia	2 06 A M	2 50 P M.
Arrive Charlotte	3 15 A M	4 00 P M.

## WESTWARD.

Mail and Express.		
No. 50.	No. 52.	
Leave Charlotte	1 00 A M	12 50 P M.
Arrive Gastonia	2 02 A M	1 47 P M.
Arrive Spartanburg	4 31 A M	4 00 P M.
Arrive Greenville	5 50 A M	5 20 P M.
Arrive Sconce	7 43 A M	7 10 P M.
Arrive Toccoa	9 18 A M	8 39 P M.
Ar Robin Gap June	10 00 A M	9 17 P M.
Arrive Lula	10 37 A M	9 54 P M.
Arrive Gainesville	11 06 A M	10 24 P M.
Arrive Atlanta	1 30 P M	12 50 A M.

T. M. R. TALCOTT, General Manager.  
I. Y. SAGE, Superintendent.  
A. POPE, Gen. Pas. & Ticket Agent.

## Waiting Angels.

The golden spires are gleaming  
Just on the other side;  
I see the turrets glisten  
Hard by the flowing tide;  
The pearly gates are open,  
The highways large and free,  
And angel bands are waiting  
To welcome you and me.

The fadeless flowers are blooming  
Just on the other side,  
And down life's shining river  
The crystal waters glide;  
The sons of glory linger  
Beneath each spreading tree,  
And angel bands are waiting  
To welcome you and me.

With joy we soon shall gather  
Just on the other side  
While endless songs of triumph  
Come floating o'er the tide.  
In Eden's starlit mansions  
Our home shall ever be,  
And angel bands are waiting  
To welcome you and me.

Yes, waiting, ever waiting  
Just on the other side—  
Beyond the rolling river,  
Across the surging tide;  
Yes, waiting, ever waiting,  
Upon the Jasper sea;  
The angel bands are waiting  
To welcome you and me.

## BAKER'S BLUE JAY YARN.

You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, in a measure—because he's got feathers on him, and don't belong to no church, perhaps; but otherwise he is just as much a human as you be. And I'll tell you for why. A jay's gifts and instincts and feelings and interests cover the whole ground. A jay hasn't got any more principle than a Congressman. A jay will lie, a jay will steal, a jay will deceive, a jay will gossip, a jay will betray; and four times out of five a jay will go back on his solemnest promise. The sacredness of an obligation is a thing which you can't cram into no blue-jay's head. Now on top of all there's another thing: a jay can out-swear any gentleman in the mines. You think a cat can swear. Well, a cat can; but you give a blue-jay a subject that calls for his reserve powers, and where is your cat? Don't talk to me—I know too much about this thing. And there's yet another thing: in the one little particular of scolding—just good, clean, out-and-out scolding—a blue-jay can lay over anything, human or divine. Yes, sir, a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can cry, a jay can laugh, a jay can feel shame, a jay can reason and plan and discuss, a jay likes gossip and scandal, a jay has got a sense of humor, a jay knows when he is an ass just as well as you do—maybe better. If a jay isn't human he better take in his sign, that's all. Now I'm going to tell you a perfectly true fact about some blue-jays.

When I first began to understand jay language correctly, there was a little incident happened here. Seven years ago the last man in the region, but no, moved away. There stands his house—been empty ever since; a log house, with a plank roof, just one big room and no more; no ceiling—nothing between the rafters and the floor. Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin with my cat taking the sun, and looking at the blue hills, and listening to the leaves rustling so lonely in the trees, and thinking of the home away yonder in the States, that I hadn't heard from in thirteen years, when a blue jay lit on that house, with an acorn in his mouth, and says, "Hello, I reckon I've struck something." When he spoke the acorn dropped out of his mouth and rolled down the roof, of course, but he didn't care; his mind was all on the thing he had struck. It was a knot hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye and put the other one to the hole, like a 'possum looking down a jug; then he glanced up with his bright eyes, gave a wink or two with his wings—which signifies gratification, you understand, and says, "It looks like a hole, it's located like a hole—blamed if I don't believe it is a hole."

Then he cocked his head down and took another look; he glanced up perfectly joyful this time, winks his wings and his tail both and says, "O, this ain't no fat thing, I reckon. If I ain't in luck—why this is a perfectly elegant hole!" So he flew down and got that acorn and fetched it up and dropped it in and was just tilting his head back, with the heavenliest smile on his face, when all of a sudden he was paralyzed into a listening attitude and that smile faded gradually out of his countenance like breath off'n a razor, and the queerest look of surprise took its place. Then he says, "Why, I didn't hear it fall!" He cocked his eye at the hole again and took a long look, raised up and shook his head, stepped around to the other side of the hole and took a look from that side; shook his head again. He studied awhile, then he just went into the details—walked round and round the hole and spied into it from every point of the compass. No use. Now he took a thinking attitude on the comb of the roof and scratched the back of his head with his right foot a minute, and finally says, "Well, its too many for me, that's certain; must be a mighty long hole, however, I ain't got no time to fool around here, I got to tend to business; I reckon its all right—chance it, anyway."

So he flew off and fetched another acorn and dropped it in and tried to flit his eye to the hole quick enough to see what became of it, but he was too late. He held his eye there as much as a minute; then he raised

up and sighed, and says, "Confound it, I don't seem to understand this thing, no way; however, I'll tackle her again." He fetched another acorn and done his level best to see what become of it, but he couldn't. He says, "Well, I never struck no such a hole as this before. I'm of the opinion that it's a totally new kind of a hole." Then he began to get mad. He held in for a spell, walking up and down the comb of the roof and shaking his head and muttering to himself; but his feelings got the upper hand of him presently, and he broke loose and cussed himself black in the face. I never see a bird take on so about a little thing. When he got through he walks to hole and looks in for half a minute, then he says, "Well, you're a long hole and a deep hole and a mighty singular hole altogether—but I've started in to fill you, and d—d if I don't fill you if it takes a hundred years!"

And with that away he went. You never see a bird work so since you was born. He laid into his work like a nigger, and the way he hove acorns into that hole for about two hours and a half was one of the most exciting and astonishing spectacles I ever struck. He never stopped to look any more—he just hove 'em in and went for more. Well at last he could hardly flop his wings, he was so tuckered out. He comes a dropping down once more, sweating like an ice pitcher, drops his acorn in and says, "Now, I guess I've got the bugle on you by this time!" So he bent down for a look. If you'll believe me, when his head came up again he was pale with rage. He said, "I've shoveled acorns enough in there to keep the family thirty years and if I can see a sign of one of 'em I wish I may land in a museum with a belly full of sawdust in two minutes!"

He just had strength enough to crawl up onto the comb and lean his back agin the chimney and then he collected his impressions and begun to free his mind. I see in a second that what I took for profanity in the mines was only just the rudiments, as you may say.

Another jay was going by and heard him doing his devotions, and steps to inquire what was up. The sufferer told him the circumstance and says, "Now, yonder's the hole, and if you don't believe me go and look for yourself." So this fellow went and looked and comes back and says, "How many did you say you put in there?" "Not less than two tons," says the sufferer. The other jay went and looked again. He couldn't seem to make it out, so he raised a yell and three more jays come. They all examined the hole, they all made the sufferer tell it over again, then they all discussed it and got off as many leather-headed opinions about it as an average crowd of humans could have done.

They called in more jays; then more and more, till pretty soon this whole region 'peared to have a blue flush about it. There must have been five thousand of them, and such another jawing and ripping and cussing you never heard. Every jay in the whole lot put his eye to the hole and delivered a more chuckle-headed opinion about the mystery than the jay that went there before him. They examined the house all over, too. The door was standing half open and at last one old jay happened to go and light on it and look in. Of course that knocked the mystery galley-west in a second. There lay the acorns scattered all over the floor. He flapped his wings and raised a whoop. "Come here!" he says, "Come here, everybody; hang'd if this fool hasn't been trying to fill up a house with acorns." They all come a' swooping down like a blue cloud, and as each fellow lit on the door and took a glance the whole absurdity of the contract that that first jay had tackled hit him home and he fell over backwards suffocating with laughter and the next jay took his place and done the same.

Well, sir, they roosted around here on the house-top and the trees for an hour, and guffawed over that thing like human beings. It ain't any use to tell me a blue-jay hasn't got a sense of humor, because I know better. And memory, too. They brought jays here from all over the United States to look down that hole every summer for three years. Other birds too. And they all could see the point except an owl that come from Nova Scotia to visit the Yo Semite and he took this thing in on his way back. He said he couldn't see anything funny in it. But then he was a good deal disappointed about Yo Semite, too.—Mark Twain.

## Poultry Notes.

Give the poultry a dust bath as often as desired. Gravel for fowls, to promote digestion, should be accessible. Sour milk will bring better returns in eggs than when fed to pigs.

Do not crowd too many hens in one house. If you do look out for disease. Plenty of fresh air is at all times essential to the health of the chickens, especially in the summer.

Feed fowls systematically two or three times a day and allow them plenty of exercise. Keep plenty of fresh water and clean runs for the poultry. Lime well the floors and damp places.

Give hens free access to lime in some form. They must have the raw material in order to manufacture shells. Gapes in chickens are caused by a number of very small worms which cling to the sides of the throat. The most efficient remedy is a mixture of cayenne pepper and sulphur every day until relieved, or powdered camphor in pills the size of a pin head is said to be equally as good. In very bad cases fumigate the chicks with

sulphur and give them three or four drops of carbolic acid in their water.

It is a matter of surprise that more guinea fowls are not raised. Seldom is it than they are seen offered for sale in the market, yet the flesh is delicious and would at once become popular. The fowls themselves though somewhat less tame than other chickens, are more prolific layers and with kindness and attention and setting their eggs under common hens they can be made to stay about the place and come up regularly for their food. By all means pay more attention to these birds, for in advantages to be derived from them, they are certain protectors of other fowls against the depredations of hawks.

## The Waltz.

ITS IMMORALITY DENOUNCED BY ONE WHO EARNES HIS LIVING BY TEACHING IT—HIS REASONS FOR HIS CHANGE OF FAITH.

Prof. J. P. Welch, who keeps a dancing school at Tenth and Chestnut streets, is about to begin a crusade against the waltz as at present danced, which he pronounces to be immodest, vulgar and generally demoralizing. He said yesterday: "I have been a dancing master for the past ten years, and have made it a practice through out that period to observe carefully all the changes in the public taste, and to note the changes for better or worse in my profession. I have watched closely and thought deeply on the subject, and now I have no hesitation in saying that the waltz, under whatsoever name it may go for the time being, is immoral. It is the only dance that decent people protest against, and I am happy to say there are numbers of careful fathers who will not allow their daughters to dance it, although a vast proportion of the fashionable and a majority of the middle and lower classes do not seem awakened to its iniquity. I have recently been in consultation with the Rev. Mr. Wayland of the Baptist Church at Broad and Arch streets, and with others of the clergy, and they agree with me that the dancing of the waltz has fully as demoralizing an effect in its way as have alcohol and tobacco in theirs."

"Do you hear many objections to waltzing nowadays?"

"Oh, yes, any quantity of them—and I think the time is right to begin a crusade. I don't think my efforts or those of the clergymen who will take part in the good work will have any immediate effect, but when the people begin to think, which they will do when the subject has had a little agitation, they will soon act, and the voluptuous waltz will gradually disappear. Ten or fifteen years ago the waltz was not so objectionable as at present. Dancers of to-day come into altogether too close contact. In the old time a gentleman merely touched a lady's waist, at the same time holding her right hand in his left. Now he throws his arm clear around her form, pulls her closely to him, as though fearful of losing her, brings his face in actual contact with her soft cheek, and in a word hugs her. Such action is altogether too familiar, but still custom and society sanction it, and instead of improvement for the better we see year after year a marked advance in the improprieties of the dance. In the old days the waltz was comparatively modest; now it is just the reverse, and the waltz is calculated to do more injury to the young than many of the vices that are preached against from the pulpit and deeply deplored in private life."

"But suppose you succeed in abolishing the waltz, Professor, where will you find any dance to take its place?"

"Well when the necessity arises a new dance will be invented that will have all the gliding grace and the glorious exhilaration of the waltz without its delicious voluptuousness. My own intention is to substitute the 'Minuet de la Cour,' a dance introduced by Louis XIV of France, which kept its place in public esteem for centuries, but has of late years gone completely out of use. It was partially revived in this city in 1870, but was allowed to drop out of fashion again, principally for the reason that the ladies and gentlemen who danced it were compelled by the dictates of fashion to dress in court costume, which is expensive, and at the same time repugnant to the republicanisms of Americans. The dance consists of marching, bowing and turning, and develops all the grace that the dancers possess. Its recommendation is that it is perfectly modest and admits of no hugging, such as we see nightly in the waltz."

"You speak with much force, Professor, with regard to the morality of the waltz. Do you speak from personal observation or hearsay?"

"From personal observation. I have made it my practice for years to attend balls and parties in order to keep pace in my teaching with the popular demand. I have no hesitation in saying that I attribute much of the vice and immorality now prevailing to the insidious influence of the waltz. This may seem an overstatement of the point, but it is my honest conviction. I tell you that in the higher circles young ladies at parties and balls are absolutely hanged—embarrassed would be too weak to express my meaning—by men who were altogether unknown to them before the music for the waltz began to inspire the toes of the dancers. Is this a pleasant sight to contemplate?"

"Then, in the lower classes the license of the dance is much more shocking. I have seen couples so closely interlocked that the face of the man was actually in contact with that of the palpitating girl in

his arms. I have seen kisses interchanged amid the whirl of the maddening waltz.

"The persons interested in this crusade intend to send circulars to the leading clergymen and heads of the great ecclesiastical organs and institutions of the United States and ask them to aid in the great work. Dr. Wayland said he would help us in any way he could, and promised to write to Mrs. General Sherman, the authoress of a book in opposition to waltzing, asking her assistance. I also wrote to that lady requesting her advice as to the conduct of the crusade. Mrs. Sherman's book takes the ground that the waltz is immodest; that it detracts from the purity of young ladies who indulge in it; that it gives to the young men opportunities for familiarities that should never be allowed, and that it is, in fact, demoralizing in the extreme. She holds that no young lady should be embraced save by the man she proposes to marry, and that the close contact of the waltz is dangerous and injurious to the modesty and purity of womanhood."

"There are six dances now in vogue that involve the hugging principle of the waltz. They are the plain waltz, which was introduced by the Germans (who seldom, by the way, take part in square dances); the glide, a very fashionable and pretty dance; the redowa, which has held its own for many generations of dancers; the Danish (half march and half waltz), and the three step galop. I entered upon this crusade, first, because I thought the waltz an immoral dance, and second, because the clergymen whom I consulted thought the initiatory steps in this matter should be taken by a member of the profession most deeply interested."

Professor Welch in conclusion, said that the waltz step is in itself unobjectionable, but that the closeness of the partners, as the dance is now practiced, is worthy of strong condemnation. He suggests that the waltz step be retained, but that the partners be widely separated by a very simple expedient. This is, to cross and join hands. A possible objection to this is that it will not afford to the lady that sense of support and protection that is derived from the pressure of her partner's arm about her waist. The Professor said that he introduced this style of waltzing to some of his higher classes last winter and to some well and favorably received.—Philadelphia Press.

## [From the Atlanta Constitution]

## Arap on Children.

Children are a great trouble and a great comfort, too. It don't matter how many there are in a family, if one goes away to spend a week or a night there is a vacant place at the fireside and at the table and on the piazza and everywhere about the house and the child is missed, and somehow we don't feel right until the missing one comes home. That is a mighty pretty story about the poor Irish mother being persuaded to give up one of her bairns to a wealthy lady who had no children and wanted to adopt one, and she cried over first one and then another, and told all their sweet little ways and sayings and finally gathered them all in her arms and said: "Oh, my sweet lady, kind lady, couldn't ye take one and love it with me?" How they do open the hearts of the parents and give them something to live for and work for—something that is sweet and innocent and altogether natural. I have always sympathized with those who have not got them and I can apologize for their being sour and stingy and selfish, for their human nature for the heart to be like a vine unto something, and if there is no child they tie unto money. The love of a child begets charity and opens the purse. It is the mainspring of all industry and economy and good conduct and all honorable ambition. The world is working for children, and it is our love for them that puts down lawlessness and crime and makes us anxious to preserve good government and keep the peace with nations and States and nations. Let a man stand in a great city and look upon the busy crowd as they move to and fro and all in a hurry, and the secret of it is they are moving and striving and toiling for the children. Even many a poor, miserable thief who is serving his term in the chain gang had a motive away back that the judge nor the jury never knew of. He was stealing for the children. I'm mighty sorry for folks who have none, but I'm more sorry for those who have had 'em and lost and never had any more to take their places. I was sitting one night in my piazza talking to one of Georgia's noble men—a man gifted and eloquent—who once had a little girl to sit upon his knee and fondle in his arms, but now he was childless and was growing old—years of desolation had passed since her death, but that night my little girl came out in her night gown to kiss me good night, and mistaking my friend for no climbed into his arms and kissed him. When she was gone the strong man bowed his head and wept like a little child, and I have ever since esteemed him all the more for his tenderness. Some times he is called sour and selfish and sarcastic, but I know where his heart is, and that he would count honors and wealth nothing if he could but restore his child. I had to whip a dear little boy the other day and

## IT MOST KILLED ME

and that night he put his arm around my neck and went to sleep so lovingly in my bosom that I felt like I could never do it again. I've got all the little chicks to work now, picking peas in the field and they make a lively frolic of it. I have promised to pay on for their labor a cent a basket full and I have graduated the size of the baskets to the size of the children, so as to keep em about even with each other in the

work. They pick awhile in the morning and in the evening and are getting rich off of me very fast at ten cents a day. When they earn their money they save it all the more and won't spend it for trifles like they do that we give them. Money earned is always better than money given whether it be a man's or a child's. It sticks closer and longer. It is a great mistake for a young man to fool along and be waiting for his patrimony or for some rich kin to die and leave him something. He is a sponge, a parasite, a fraud. He can live and die and never be missed. A man who does not earn his own living had just as well never been born. But children are not drones. It's astonishing how much help they are in the family—how many steps they save us. They bring the butter from the spring house and run the sheep out of the yard and run over to a neighbors' to borrow something, or pick the vegetables for dinner, or catch the chickens, or make a fire in the stove, or pick up chips, or hunt up some eggs, or find their mother's scissors or spectacles and they are always merry and sing around and keep us bright and cheerful whether we feel like it or not. It's amusing to see how gushingly they take up a thing, and how diligently they pursue it and how suddenly they wear it out and quit it for something else. Every day is some new entertainment. For a while they run slingshots, and then they run cross-bows and shot all my big nails away before I missed 'em; and then they made some acorn pipes and smoked rabbit tobacco as they call this

## LIVE EVERLASTING

weed, and then they took suddenly to digging a well near the branch and stooking it with crawfish and minnows, and then they built a brick furnace and cooked their dinner on it, and one rainy day they all dressed up in grown folks clothes and paraded around and it does look like they have exhausted everything, but they haven't—and all we can do is to look on and wonder what kind of a fit they will have next. When their ingenuity plays out for a season they fall back and entrench upon the branch which is always a running and always attractive and they build dimes and flutter mills and canals and get their clothes wet, and then go in washing and hang 'em on the bushes to dry. There is not a frog or a tadpole or a snake or a minner along this branch that don't know these boys. Some of 'em gets stung by a wasp or a yellow jacket most every day or steps on a nail or trips around with a stone bruise or has a bite somewhere or falls out of the swing or the flying mare or stumps a sore toe or cuts a finger or tears their clothes and comes to the house for repairs. When they have struck a new idea they are earnest. It's a happy time with 'em now and I wish it would always be. They are up with the sun every morning and can say with poor Tom Hood,

He never rose a wink too soon

Nor brought too long a day.

Blessed childhood—how innocent and bright—no wonder that the Scriptures tell us that of such is the kingdom of heaven, and "unless ye be like one of these ye can never enter."

BILL ARP.

## Don't Waste Vital Energy.

The most vigorous persons do not have too much vitality. People generally inherit a lack of it, or at least find that much vital energy has been permanently lost in their childhood or youth through the ignorance or carelessness of their parents. Often it is impaired by young indulgence in early manhood. The endeavor with all persons should be to husband what is left, be it much or little. Therefore:

1. Don't do anything in too great a hurry.

2. Don't work too many hours a day whether it be farm work, shop work, study work or house work.

3. Don't abridge sleep. Get the full eight hours of it, and that, too, in ventilated and sun purified room.

4. Don't eat what is indigestible, not too much of anything, and let good cheer rule the house.

5. Don't fret at yourself or anybody else; nor indulge in the blues, nor burst into fits of violent passion.

6. Don't be too much elated with good luck, nor be disheartened by bad.

Positively—be self-controlled, calm and brave. Let your brain have all the rest it needs. Treat your stomach right. Keep a good conscience, and have a cheerful trust in God for all things in both worlds.

GOOD ADVICE.—A lady writes to "Brick Pomeroy" as follows: "Would I be safe in marrying a man whom I love and who professes to love me, and is handsome, well educated and has plenty of the world's goods, but is addicted to strong drink, but says he will abstain after marriage, when he has sowed his wild oats? I am an orphan, and wrote you as a friend for advice." Pomeroy answers about as follows: You had better get into your own coffin, pull down the lid yourself, and be consecrated to your mother earth, than marry a man who drinks. There are thousands of poor women whose lives are wretched by listening to the promise of reformation after marriage. If you do not want to get into your coffin, take the most obnoxious pieces of old meat that you can find and take it to your bosom for a husband rather than marry a man who is debauched, degraded and debased by strong drink.

One firm in Laurens County, S. C., has threshed 6,500 bushels of oats.

Atlanta, Ga., has organized an electric light company. Capital, \$50,000.